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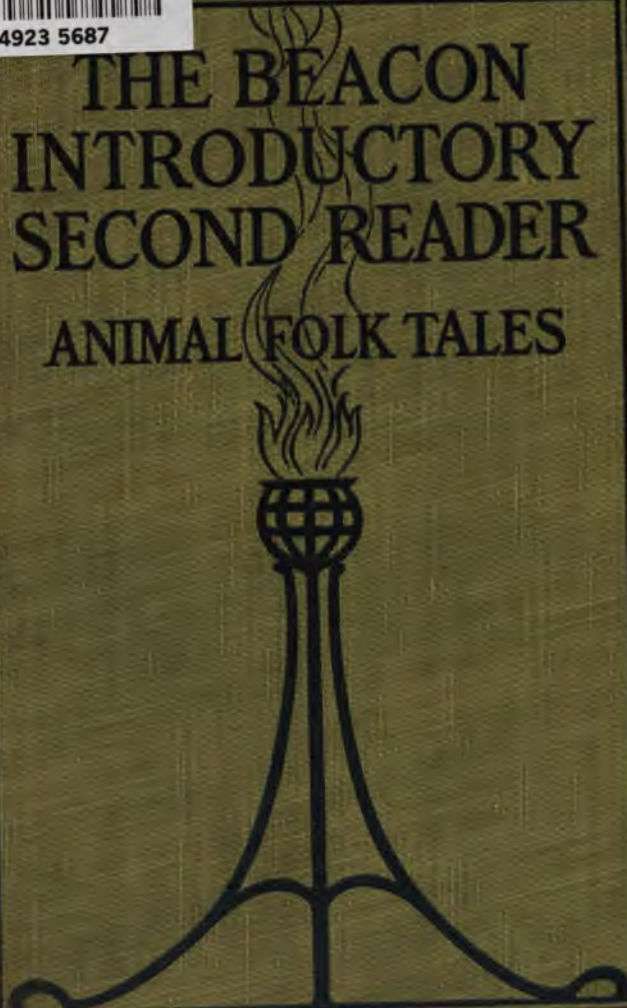
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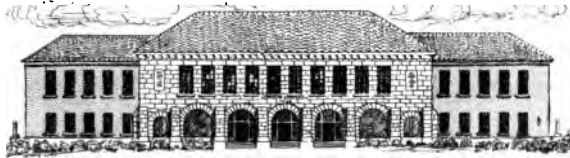


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THE BEACON
INTRODUCTORY
SECOND READER
ANIMAL FOLK TALES



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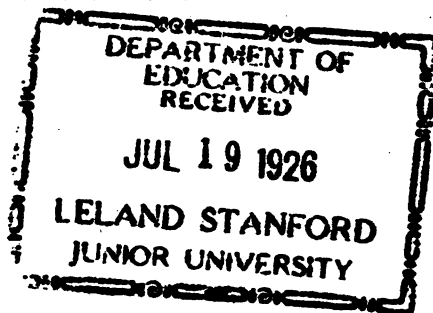
**A BEACON INTRODUCTORY
SECOND READER**

ANIMAL FOLK TALES

BY

JAMES H. FASSETT

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
CHARLES COPELAND



GINN AND COMPANY

**BOSTON • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LONDON
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PREFACE

Learning to read through the science of phonetics gives the child such a mastery over new words that it is difficult to find enough material properly graded from a phonetic point of view to satisfy his increased power. The "Beacon Introductory Second Reader" has been carefully compiled to meet this want.

The stories, all of which contain the old folklore element so enticing to children, follow out and supplement the plan upon which the Beacon Readers were founded.

It should be understood that while the child is reading these stories phonetic drill must be continued daily, in order that he may acquire added power and facility in the recognition of new words.

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ANIMAL FOLK TALES

UGLY BOY AND THE BEAR

arrow laughed touch

Once there was a little Indian boy.
The Indian boy lived with his
grandmother.

The little boy's face was ugly.

NOTE. See Directions to Teachers, on page 143.

It was so ugly that the children did not like to play with him.

“Go away, little boy,” they said, “we do not like you. You are ugly.”

So Ugly Boy had no one to play with.

But his grandmother loved him.

She made him cakes out of nut meats and wild-grass seeds.

Every year the Indians picked nuts and seeds and dried them.

Then they put them away for the cold winter.

The time came for the nuts to be ripe.

The nut trees grew near by.

But no one dared to pick them.

An old bear had made her den close by the trees.



She would not let the Indians pick the nuts.

When the Indians went near the trees, the bear growled, "Woof, woof!"

All the Indians were afraid of her.

They did not know what to do.

If they did not get nuts and seeds, what could they eat in the long cold winter?

One day Ugly Boy came running into the house. He said:

“Grandmother, I am hungry.

I am going out to pick some nuts.

I am not afraid of the old bear.”

But his grandmother cried: “Oh, my boy, you must not!

The wicked bear will catch you.

She will eat you up.”

But little Ugly Boy was not afraid.

He put a basket on his back.

Then he went to the place where the nut trees grew.

The nuts had fallen from the trees.

There were so many that they lay thick on the ground.

Little Ugly Boy sat down and began to eat the nuts.



He cracked the shells and ate the sweet nut meats.

There was a noise in the bushes.

The wicked old bear had seen little Ugly Boy.

“Woof, woof!” she roared, “what are you doing with my seeds?”

What are you doing near my nut trees?”

Little Ugly Boy did not move.

He was not afraid.

“I am eating nuts,” he said.

“These nuts are mine,” growled the bear; “you must not eat them.”

“They are not yours,” said little Ugly Boy.

But the old bear growled: “They are mine.

If you do not run away, I will eat you.

I am bigger and braver than you are.”

Little Ugly Boy said: “The nuts and seeds are not yours.

You may be bigger than I am, but you are not braver.”

“Yes, I am braver,” roared the bear.

Then Little Ugly Boy said: "I will tell you what we will do.

First you may try to scare me.

Then I will try to scare you.

The one who is not afraid will have all the nuts and grass seeds."

This made the bear laugh.

"Ho, ho!" she roared, "do you think you can scare me?"

Well, let us try."

So the bear went away and hid.

Little Ugly Boy sat on the ground eating nuts.

Soon the bear gave a loud roar.

She rushed out and ran at little Ugly Boy.

"Woof, woof!" she roared, "I'll eat you up, I'll eat you up!"

But Little Ugly Boy only laughed.



The bear saw that Ugly Boy was not afraid.

So she gave it up.

“You are a brave boy,” she growled.

“Now run away and see if you can scare me!”

Ugly Boy ran to his grandmother.

“Oh, grandmother!” he cried, “the old bear tried to scare me, but I was not afraid.”

Now give me my bow and arrows.
I will go and try to scare her.”

“Oh, no, do not go!” cried his grandmother.

“What can you do to scare such a great, wicked bear?”

But little Ugly Boy took his bow and arrows.

He went back and climbed a tree.

Then he called to the bear,

“Come up here, old Black Face; I will scare you.”

When the bear came to the tree, she stood on her hind feet.

She opened her great red mouth and laughed.

“Ha, ha! ho, ho!” she roared.

The bear was so near that little Ugly Boy could almost touch her.



Quick as a wink he shot an arrow.
It went right down the throat of
the wicked old bear and killed her.
Then little Ugly Boy ran home.
“Oh, grandmother!” he cried, “all
the Indians can gather the nuts now.
I have killed the wicked old bear.
I shot her with my bow and arrow.”

Indian Myth

THE LITTLE FISH

"Dear mother," said a little fish,

"I want to catch that fly.

I'm very hungry, and I wish

You'd let me go and try."

"Oh, no, no, no!" his mother cried

And swam out from her nook.

"That fly is only put to hide

A sharp and wicked hook."

Now, as I've heard, this little trout

Was bold and foolish too,

And so he said, "I'll just swim out

To see if it is true."

"I'll only take a little bite,

'T will do no harm," he thought;

But sad to say, mamma was right.

And the little fish was caught.

JANE TAYLOR (*Adapted*)

MR. ROOSTER, MRS. HEN, AND
MRS. GRAY DUCK

tired talking waddle

Mr. Rooster and Mrs. Hen lived in a little house.

The house was on the bank of a deep river.

They found plenty of good fat worms to eat and were very happy.

Near them lived Mrs. Gray Duck in her little house.

Now Mrs. Gray Duck did not like Mr. Rooster and Mrs. Hen.

She never went to call upon them.

When they met, Mr. Rooster always crowed, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

And Mrs. Hen would hold her head very high.



Then Mrs. Gray Duck would say, "Quack, quack, quack!" in a very loud voice.

And she would waddle away to the river.

When it came time for the nuts to be ripe, Mr. Rooster said to Mrs. Hen:

"Let us go to the nut trees on the hill.

There we can eat as many nuts as we like.

Mr. Chipper Squirrel has more than he can use."

"Yes," said Mrs. Hen, "a meal of nuts will do us good."

"Let us take our little cart along," cried Mr. Rooster.

"A few nuts will taste good when winter comes."

"How wise you are!" said Mrs. Hen.

So the next morning Mr. Rooster and Mrs. Hen started off.

Mr. Rooster was harnessed to the little cart.

Soon they came to the hill where the nut trees grew.

Mr. Chipper Squirrel said he was glad to see them.



He led them to a spot where many nut trees grew.

The brown nuts lay thick upon the ground.

First Mr. Rooster and Mrs. Hen ate all they could.

Then they began to fill the cart.

Mr. Rooster took a big fat nut in his bill.

After he had dropped it in the cart he ran for another.

Then Mrs. Hen picked up a nut and dropped that in the cart.

When the cart was full Mr. Rooster and Mrs. Hen were very tired.

"I cannot walk a step farther," cried Mrs. Hen.

She sat down upon the pile of nuts in the cart.

Then she asked Mr. Rooster to drag her home.

"I will not," cried Mr. Rooster, "I am just as tired as you are.

I will be the driver, but I will not drag the cart."

While they were talking, Mrs. Gray Duck came waddling up.

"Quack, quack, quack! why are you



stealing all my nuts?" she cried.

"Quack, quack, quack! who said you might come to my nut trees?"

Then she ran with open bill at Mr. Rooster.

But Mr. Rooster was not at all afraid.

He ran at Mrs. Gray Duck and picked and picked her with his bill.

At length Mrs. Gray Duck cried,
"Stop, stop!

I will do anything that you wish.
I will even drag your cart home
for you."

This pleased Mr. Rooster.

So he harnessed Mrs. Gray Duck to
the little cart.

Then he jumped upon the driver's
seat.

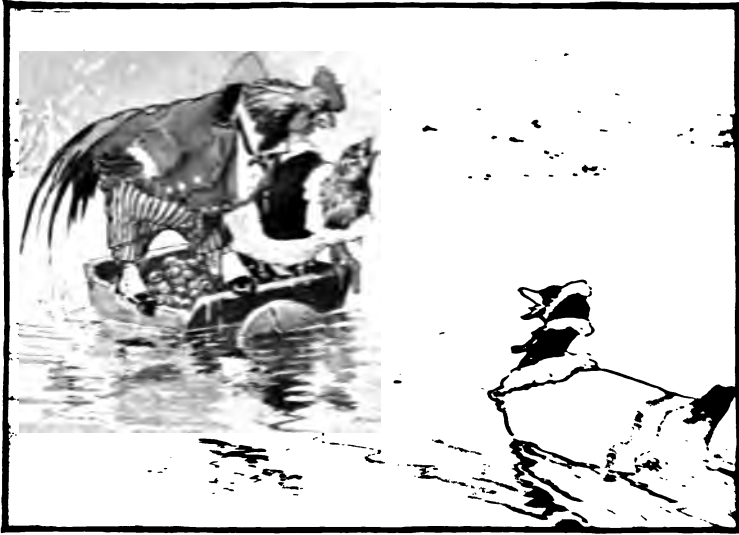
He cracked his whip and told Mrs.
Gray Duck to start.

Mrs. Gray Duck waddled off as
fast as she could go.

All went well till they came to
the river.

As soon as Mrs. Gray Duck saw
the water she began to run.

"Stop, stop!" cried Mr. Rooster.



“Help, help!” cried Mrs. Hen.

But Mrs. Gray Duck only waddled
the faster.

Down went Mrs. Gray Duck.

Down went the cart.

Down went Mr. Rooster.

Down went Mrs. Hen.

Splash, splash! into the water they
all went.

The cart floated on the water.

On top of the cart sat Mr. Rooster and Mrs. Hen.

How funny they looked!

Oh, how wet they were!

Mrs. Gray Duck began to swim about.

She laughed, "Quack, quack, quack, quack!" at poor Mr. Rooster and poor Mrs. Hen.

"O dear, good Mrs. Gray Duck," cried Mr. Rooster, "please drag us to land."

"Yes, yes," clucked Mrs. Hen, "please save our lives.

We will do anything that you wish."

At length Mrs. Gray Duck took pity upon them.

She swam to the bank with the little cart.

Then she led Mr. Rooster and Mrs. Hen up the path to the door of her pretty little house.

“Come in,” she quacked. “and dry your poor wet feathers before my warm fire.”

So Mr. Rooster and Mrs. Hen went in and dried their feathers before the warm fire.

When they were dry Mrs. Gray Duck and Mrs. Hen divided the nuts between them.

From that day on, the three were fast friends.

German Folk Tale

THE STORY OF MR. FOX

Mr. Fox was digging near a stump.
He found a big black bumblebee.

Mr. Fox put the big black buzzing
bumblebee into a bag.

Then he threw the bag over his
back and began to walk.

He walked and he walked and he
walked, until he came to a house.

In the house was a little black
woman sweeping the floor.

“May I leave my bag here?”

I want to go to Squintum’s house,”
said Mr. Fox.

“Yes,” said the little black woman.

“All right,” said Mr. Fox, “but do
not untie the bag.”

Then off went old Mr. Fox, trot,



trot, trot, trot, to Squintum's house.

As soon as the fox was out of sight the woman took just one little peek into the bag.

Out flew the big black bumblebee.

The old red rooster caught him and ate him up.

After a while Mr. Fox came trot, trot, trotting back from Squintum's house.

He took up his bag and found the big black bumblebee was gone.

He said to the little black woman, "Where is my bumblebee?"

And the little black woman said, "I only untied the bag.

The bumblebee flew out, and the old red rooster ate him up."

"If that is so," said Mr. Fox, "I must take the old red rooster."

So he caught the rooster and put him into his bag.

Then Mr. Fox threw the bag over his back and began to walk.

He walked and he walked and he walked, until he came to a house.

In the house was a little yellow woman making some bread.

"May I leave my bag here?"



I want to go to Squeentum's house."

"Yes," said the little yellow woman.

"All right," said Mr. Fox, "but do not untie the bag."

Then off went old Mr. Fox, trot, trot, trot, trot, to Squeentum's house.

As soon as the fox was out of sight the woman took just one little peek into the bag.

Out flew the old red rooster.

A great fat pig caught him and ate him up.

After a while the fox came trot, trot, trotting back from Squeentum's house.

He took up his bag and found the old red rooster was gone.

He said to the little yellow woman, "Where is my old red rooster?"

And the little yellow woman said, "I only untied the bag.

The old red rooster flew out, and the great fat pig ate him up."

"If that is so," said Mr. Fox, "I must take the great fat pig."

So he caught the pig and put him into his bag.

Then Mr. Fox threw the bag over



his back and began to walk.

He walked and he walked and he walked, until he came to a house.

In the house was a little red woman feeding the chickens.

“May I leave my bag here while I go to Squontum’s house?” said Mr. Fox.

“Yes,” said the little red woman.

“All right,” said Mr. Fox, “but you must not untie the bag.”

Then off went old Mr. Fox, trot, trot, trot, trot, to Squontum’s house.

As soon as the fox was out of sight the woman took just one little peek into the bag.

Out jumped the great fat pig.

He ran grunt, grunt, grunting all over the house.

The woman’s little boy took a stick and chased the pig out of the door.

After a while the fox came trot, trot, trotting back from Squontum’s house.

He took up his bag and found the great fat pig was gone.

He said to the little red woman,



“Where is my great fat pig?”

And the little red woman said,

“I only untied the bag.

The great fat pig jumped out and ran grunting around the house.

My little boy took a stick and chased him out of the door.”

“If that is so,” said the fox, “then I must take your little boy.”

So he caught the little boy and put him into his bag.

Then he threw the bag over his back and began to walk.

He walked and he walked and he walked, until he came to a house.

In the house was a little white woman making ginger cookies.

On one side of the little white woman sat five little girls.

On the other side of the little white woman sat a big black dog.

"May I leave my bag here while I go to Squentum's house?" said Mr. Fox.

"Yes," said the little white woman.

"Yes," said the five little girls.

"Yes," said the big black dog.

"All right," said Mr. Fox, "but you must not untie the bag."



Then Mr. Fox went trot, trot, trot to Squentum's house.

The little white woman placed the ginger cookies in the oven.

Soon they began to smell, oh, so good, good, good!

"O, mamma, mamma! may we have some ginger cookies?" cried all the little girls.

“May I have some, too?” cried the little boy in the bag.

Then the little white woman opened the bag and took out the little boy.

She caught the big black dog and put him into the bag.

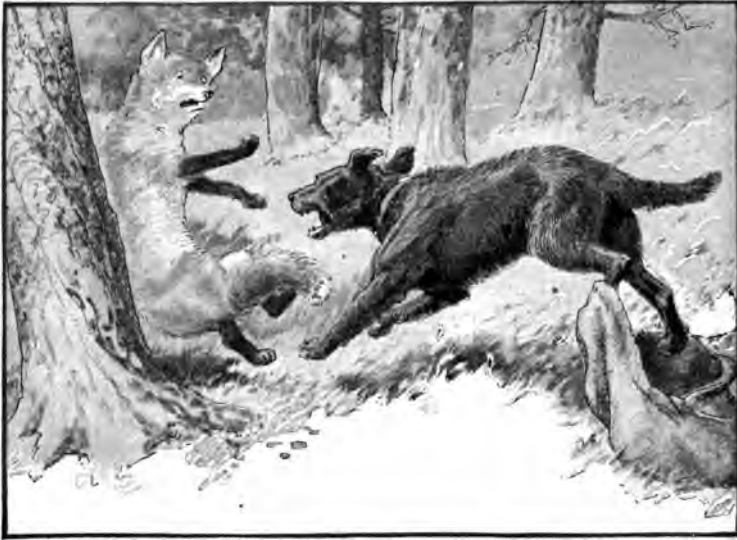
Then she tied the string up tight, tight, tight!

After a while the fox came trot, trot, trotting back from Squentum’s house.

He took up his bag and saw that it was tied tight.

He threw it over his back and went trot, trot, trotting off into the deep woods.

Then he sat down and untied the



Out jumped the big black dog.

He was very hungry, so he caught Mr. Fox and ate him all up.

And the little boy and the five dear little girls were very, very hungry, too.

So they sat down and ate up all the ginger cookies.

English Folk Tale

THE MICE

The little mice stay in their holes
And hide themselves by day;
But when the house is still at night
They all come out to play.

They creep upon the pantry shelf
And taste of all they please;
They drink the milk that's set for cream
And nibble bread and cheese.

But if, alas, they hear the cat,
That ends at once their fun;
They scamper off to hide themselves,
As fast as they can run.

ANONYMOUS



THE HOBYAHS

Hobyahs stalks Turpie through

Once upon a time there were a little old man and a little old woman.

They lived in a house all made of hemp stalks.

They had a little black dog named Turpie.

The little black dog always barked when any one came near the house.

One night the little old man and the little old woman were fast asleep.

Out from the deep woods, run, run, running, came the Hobyahs.

Through the long grass, creep, creep, creeping, came the Hobyahs.

Skip, skip, skipping on the ends of their toes ran the Hobyahs.

And the Hobyahs cried: "Pull down the hemp stalks.

Eat up the little old man.

Carry off the little old woman."

Then little dog Turpie ran out, barking loudly.

The Hobyahs were afraid.

They ran home again as fast as they could go.



But the little old man woke from his dreams and cried:

“Little dog Turpie barks so loud that I cannot slumber nor sleep.

In the morning I will take off his tail.”

So the little old man took off little dog Turpie’s tail to stop him from barking.

The second night, along came the Hobyahs.

Out from the deep woods, run, run, running, came the Hobyahs.

Through the long grass, creep, creep, creeping, came the Hobyahs.

Skip, skip, skipping on the ends of their toes came the Hobyahs.

And the Hobyahs cried: "Pull down the hemp stalks.

Eat up the little old man.

Carry off the little old woman."

Then little dog Turpie ran out, barking loudly.

The Hobyahs were afraid.

They ran home again as fast as they could go.

But the little old man tossed in his sleep and cried:



“Little dog Turpie barks so loud that I cannot slumber nor sleep.

In the morning I will take off his legs.”

So the little old man took off little dog Turpie’s legs to stop him from barking.

The third night, along came the Hobyahs.

Out from the deep woods, run, run, running, came the Hobyahs.

Through the long grass, creep, creep, creeping, came the Hobyahs.

Skip, skip, skipping on the ends of their toes came the Hobyahs.

And the Hobyahs cried: "Pull down the hemp stalks.

Eat up the little old man.

Carry off the little old woman."

Then little dog Turpie began to bark loudly.

The Hobyahs were afraid.

They ran home again as fast as they could go.

But the little old man heard Turpie.

He sat up in bed and cried:

"Little dog Turpie barks so loud that I cannot slumber nor sleep.

In the morning I will take off his head.”

So the little old man took off Turpie’s head.

Then little dog Turpie could not bark any more.

That night along came the Hobyahs.

Out from the deep woods, run, run, running, came the Hobyahs.

Through the long grass, creep, creep, creeping, came the Hobyahs.

Skip, skip, skipping on the ends of their toes came the Hobyahs.

And the Hobyahs cried: “Pull down the hemp stalks.

Eat up the little old man.

Carry off the little old woman.”

Now little dog Turpie could not bark any more.

There was no one to frighten the Hobyahs away.

They pulled down the hemp stalks.

They took the little old woman away in their bag.

But the little old man they could not get, for he hid himself under the bed.

Then the Hobyahs went home.

They hung the bag upon a big hook.

In it was the little old woman.

They poked the bag with their fingers and cried,

“Look you, look you!”

But when the sun came up they went to sleep.

Hobyahs, you know, always sleep all day.



When the little old man found the little old woman was gone, he was very sorry.

Now he knew what a good little dog Turpie had been.

So he took Turpie's tail and his legs and his head and gave them back to him again.

Then Turpie went sniffing and

snuffing along to find the little old woman.

Soon he came to the Hobyahs' house.

He heard the little old woman crying in the bag.

He saw that the Hobyahs were all fast asleep.

Then he cut open the bag with his sharp teeth.

Out jumped the little old woman and ran home again as fast as she could go.

Turpie did not run away, but crept inside the bag to hide.

When it came night the Hobyahs woke up.

They went to the bag, and they poked it with their long fingers.



They cried, "Look you, look you!"
Out of the bag jumped little dog
Turpie.

He ate up every one of the
Hobyahs.

And that is why there are not
any Hobyahs now.

English Folk Tale

IF

If all the little waiting socks
Upon a Christmas Eve,
When every one had gone to bed,
Should turn their toes and leave —

If all the sugar lollipops
Should say they wouldn't pop,
If all the lively jumping jacks
Should quite refuse to hop —

If all the little walking dolls
Should plan to run away,
And all the gocarts really *go* —
Oh, what a Christmas Day!

But clap your hands and dance and sing,
It never happened yet;
The little socks just stretch themselves
And hold the toys they get.

ANONYMOUS



OF COURSE

course shoe leopard fruit

In a dark wood there once lay a man's shoe.

No one knew how it came there.

No man had been near the wood.

The wild animals who lived near by had never seen a man.

But there in the wood was the shoe.
The first one to see it was the
bear.

He poked it with his nose.

He rolled it over and over with
his great paws.

But he could not think what it was.

Then he called all the other wild
animals to look at it.

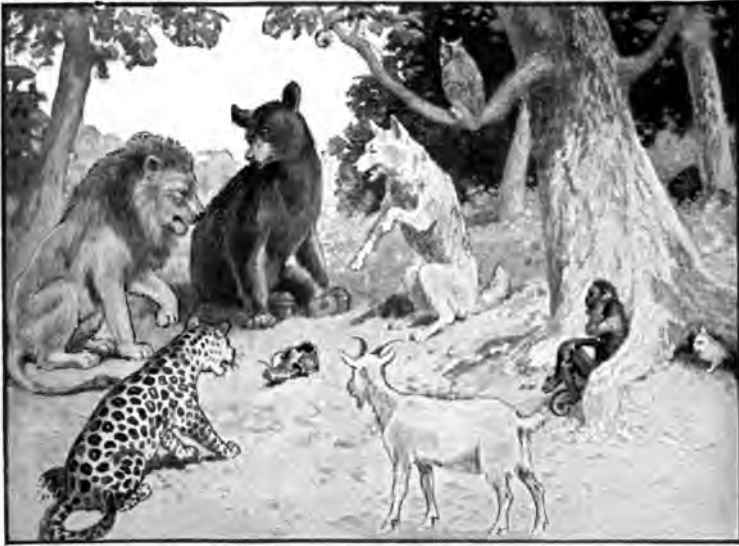
Not one of them had ever seen a
shoe before.

First the lion spoke and said, "It
is plain that it is the bark of a tree."

"Oh, no," said the leopard, "it must
be the skin of some fruit."

Then the monkey said, "I think
it is the shell of a nut."

But the wolf growled, "It is not
that at all.



Of course it is some kind of a bird's nest.

Look, here is the hole for the bird to go in.

Here is the deep part for the eggs. It must be a bird's nest, of course."

The goat said, "You are all wrong."

Then he pointed to the long shoe string and said:

“Look at this long root.
It is some kind of plant, of course.”
And so the animals went on talking.
Each thought that he was right.
They even began to get a little
angry.

While this was going on, an old owl sat in a tree near by.

At length he said:

“If you will all keep still, I will tell you what it is.

I have seen more of these things than you can count.

It is a man’s shoe.”

“A what?” cried all the animals.

“What is a man, and what is a shoe?”

“A man,” said the owl, “is a thing with two legs.



He is like a bird, but he has no feathers.

He can walk like us. He can eat like us. He can talk like us.

But he can do much more than we can.”

“That can’t be true,” growled the bear.

“How can a thing with only two

legs do more than we can with four legs?

It is not true, of course."

"Of course it is not true," screamed the birds.

"How can there be a thing with two legs, without feathers?"

"Well," cried the owl, "what I say is true.

A man makes things like this.

He calls them shoes, and puts them on his feet."

"Not true, not true!" shouted all the animals.

"We know that such things are not worn on the feet.

What you say is not so.

You are not fit to live with us.

You must leave the wood."

So they all chased the poor old owl out of the wood.

“It is true, for all that,” said the owl.

And of course it was.

English Folk Tale



THE SNOW

Soft and quiet, soft and slow,
Down it falls, the feathery snow;
On the lane and on the hedge,
Heaping high the window ledge.
Field and garden, road and street,
Seem a great soft snowy sheet;
Every shrub and bush and tree
Is as white as white can be.
And, while baby lies asleep
In his little crib, 't will keep
Falling, falling, soft and slow,
All night long, the pretty snow!

ANONYMOUS



THE KING OF THE BIRDS — I

enough whose laughed

One day, long, long ago, all the birds
of the wood met to choose a king.

They said, "The bird who can fly
the highest shall be made king of
the air."

The eagle was strong and big.

He thought he was sure to win.

He strutted around among the smaller birds and said:

“Why do you not make me king now?”

You know that I can fly the highest.”

Then the tiny wren spoke up and said,

“You are indeed big and strong, Mr. Eagle, but you may not win for all that.”

So the little birds and the middle-sized birds and the big birds all got ready for the race.

They said that the owl should start the race.

When all were ready the owl cried, “Who, who!”

As soon as the owl cried, "Who, whoo," straight up in the air flew all the birds.

Up, up they went, far into the blue sky.

One by one they dropped out of the race.

The great eagle alone kept on his way, as strong as ever.

At length the eagle looked below him.

He saw that all the birds had given up.

"Oho!" he screamed, "what did I tell you?"

I am king of the air and of all the birds that fly."

Now the tiny wren had been flying right under the eagle's breast.

But this the eagle did not know.

When he stopped, the wren darted out from under his wing.

He flew just above the eagle's head and cried out:

"No, no, Mr. Eagle! I am king of the birds.

Look at me, look at me!

I have flown the highest."

The birds were glad to see the proud eagle beaten.

He had boasted too much.

So they chose the tiny wren for their king.

This made the great eagle very, very angry.

He caught the little bird in his claws.

He threw him to the ground.



The wren was not much hurt.

He swelled up with pride when the birds made him their king.

But the eagle had torn away half of the little wren's tail.

And ever since he has had a very short tail indeed.

THE KING OF THE BIRDS — II

It was springtime.

The birds were building their nests.

The woods were filled with their singing.

Under the green leaves of a great oak lived the king and queen of all the birds.

Their home would look to you and to me just like any nest.

But to the birds it was the palace of the king.

And in it sat four little princes.

They were very proud princes.

Was not their father the king of the birds?

One day the wolf and the bear were walking near the oak tree.



When the bear caught sight of the nest, he asked,

“Whose nest is that, Mr. Wolf?”

“Hush, hush! that is the palace of Wren, the king of the birds,” said the wolf.

“Oho!” cried the bear, “what a queer kind of palace!

I must go up and take a look at it.”

"No, no," said the wolf, "do not look at the nest.

You should first ask the king or the queen.

You must take care not to make them angry."

But the great shaggy bear pushed the wolf to one side.

Then he walked up to the nest.

The bear took one look and began to laugh.

"What!" he cried, "these are not the king's children!

They are nothing but four common little birds."

Hearing this, the four little wrens were very, very angry.

"We are the children of the king," they cried.



“You shall pay for what you have said.”

But the bear only laughed louder and louder.

“Do you think such little things as you are could hurt a great bear like me?”

And then he turned away toward his den.

THE KING OF THE BIRDS — III

Soon King Wren came home to his palace.

The little birds began to shout and scream with anger.

They told him what the bear had said.

“We shall not eat a thing,” they cried, “until you have punished that wicked old bear.

No, not even the wing of a fly.”

King Wren flew straight to the bear’s den and cried,

“Come out here, Old Growler.”

And when the bear came out the wren cried:

“Go at once to my palace in the oak tree.

Tell my children that you are sorry for what you have said.

Tell them that you will never do it again.”

But the bear only laughed at the little wren and crept back into his cave.

This made the wren very, very angry.

He puffed himself up and screamed :

“As the king of the birds, I shall call a great meeting.

I shall then order them to make war upon all the beasts of the wood.”

But the bear only growled and said :

“Make war if you wish.

You will find that the animals will be ready for you.”

THE KING OF THE BIRDS — IV

King Wren ordered the birds to come to his palace.

He told them how the bear had treated his children.

The birds were angry and cried,
“We will make war upon the bear and upon all the beasts of the wood.”

The bear and the other animals learned what the birds had done.

They all met near the bear's cave.

The lion, the tiger, the elephant, the deer, the wolf, the leopard, and the fox were there.

And I think all the other animals in the world were there, too.

They talked and talked, to see how they could fight the birds.

But they did not see the tiny humming bird. He was hidden under a big leaf.

He listened and listened with his sharp ears.

He heard every word the animals said.

At length the bear cried:

“The fox knows the most.

Let him plan the war.”

The fox was filled with pride.

“Very well,” he said, “I will lead the fight.

You must all watch my long bushy tail.

I will hold it straight up in the air like a flag.

Then you will know that we are winning the fight.

But when you see my tail hang down, run away home as fast as you can.

You will know that the battle is lost.”

Both sides were now ready for the great battle.

The lions roared, the bears growled, the wolves howled, and the monkeys screamed.

They made such a noise that it shook the ground.

Then the birds of the air came flying up.

Such a screaming and cackling and humming and fussing were never heard before.

Now the little humming bird went to the bee.



She told her how the fox was to hold his tail straight up in the air.

“Ho, ho!” said the bee, “I will see about that. I think I will sting that tail.”

So the bee flew straight to the fox’s tail and stung it with all her might.

It hurt so much that the fox barked with pain.

But he held his tail high in the air.
Then the bee stung the tail again.
It hurt so much that the fox
screamed with pain.

But he held his tail high in the air.
Then the bee stung the tail again.
It hurt so much that the fox
howled with pain.

Then, letting his tail drop between
his legs, he ran away as fast as
he could go.

The animals saw that the fox's tail
was down.

They thought the battle was lost.
They all turned and ran, each to
his own den, as fast as they could go.

The birds had won the battle.

Then King Wren flew to the den
of the bear and cried:

“Come out, Old Growler. Go at once to my palace.

Tell my children that you are sorry for what you have said.”

The bear crept out of his den.

He went to the wren’s palace.

He said that now he knew they were the children of the king.

German Folk Tale





MILKING TIME

When Peter lays his rake away
And hurries down the lane,
Oh, then I know it must be time
To go and milk again,
And so I run and fetch my hat,
No matter what I'm playing at.

Then Peter finds his three-legged stool
And pail of shiny tin,
While I stand just outside the door
And never dare go in,
But wait and hold my little cup,
For Peter always fills it up.

And when the cow has given milk
For supper, and some more,
We give her hay to last all night,
And then we bolt the door,
And start for home, so glad and slow.
When Peter milks, I always go.

ANONYMOUS

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE

A cat once made a friend of a mouse.

They were such good friends that they lived in the same little house.

One day the mouse said: "We must lay by some food.

When the winter comes we shall be hungry."

"Yes, yes," said the cat. "Let us go out to see what we can find."

They had not gone far when they found a jar of sweet, yellow butter.

"Oho!" cried the cat, "this good butter will taste very nice when the days grow cold."

"Yes, indeed," squeaked the mouse, "but where shall we put it?"



Then the cat said, "Let us hide it in the hollow tree down by the spring."

"That will be a good place," said the mouse.

"Yes," said the cat, "for who would think of finding butter in a hollow tree?"

"How wise you are!" said the little mouse.

The two friends lived together very happily.

But all the time the cat was thinking about the jar of butter.

“How good it will taste! How I wish I had some now! Oh, for just a little bite!”

This is what the cat kept thinking.

At last she could bear it no longer.

So she went to the mouse and said:

“Dear mouse, my sister is to be married to-day, and I have been invited to the wedding.

Will you keep the house while I am gone?”

The mouse said she would, and off the cat started.

But, as you may guess, she did not go to a wedding.

Puss had made up the whole story.
Not a word of it was true.

She went straight to the jar of sweet butter which was hidden in the hollow tree.

At once the cat began to eat the sweet butter.

She ate and she ate, until she had licked all the top off.

Then she put the jar back in the hollow tree and went home.

As soon as the mouse saw her, she cried:

“What! back so soon? Did you have a fine wedding?”

“Yes, indeed,” said the cat, “and everything was as nice as could be.”

The mouse said, “What is the name of your sister?”

"Top-off," replied the cat.

"Top-off!" cried the mouse. "What a strange name!"

After this the two friends lived together as before.

But the cat soon began to wish for the butter.

"How good it did taste! How I wish I had some now! Oh, for just a little bite!"

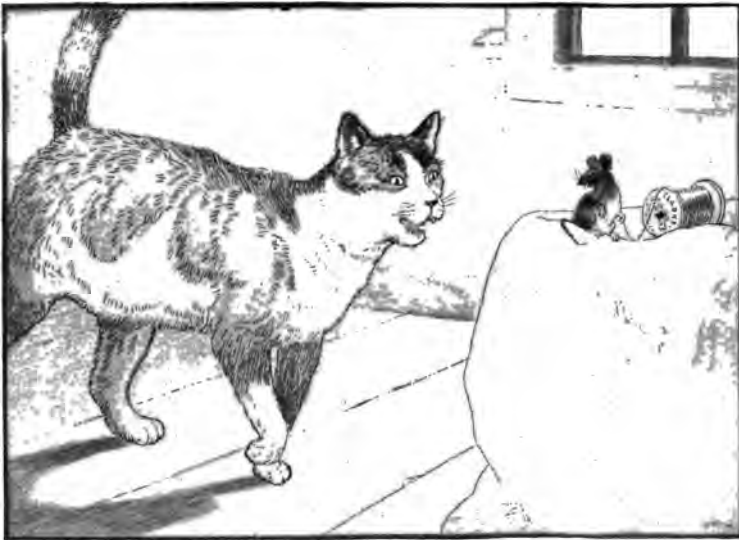
This is what the cat kept thinking.

At last she could stand it no longer.

So she went to the mouse and said:

"Dear mouse, I have a second sister who is to be married to-day, and I have been invited to the wedding.

Will you keep the house while I am gone?"



The mouse was willing, and off the cat started.

The cat again went straight to the butter which was hidden in the hollow tree down by the spring.

At once the cat began to eat the sweet butter.

She ate and she ate, until it was half gone.

But he held his tail high in the air.
 Then the bee stung the tail again.
 It hurt so much that the fox
 screamed with pain.

But he held his tail high in the air.
 Then the bee stung the tail again.
 It hurt so much that the fox
 howled with pain.

Then, letting his tail drop between
 his legs, he ran away as fast as
 he could go.

The animals saw that the fox's tail
 was down.

They thought the battle was lost.

They turned and ran, each to

his own home as fast as they could go.

The fox had won the battle.

The bee flew to the den

of the

“Come out, Old Growler. Go at once to my palace.

Tell my children that you are sorry for what you have said.”

The bear crept out of his den.

He went to the wren’s palace.

He said that now he knew they were the children of the king.

German Folk Tale



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They all turned and ran, each to
his own den, as fast as they could go.

The birds had won the battle.

Then King Wren flew to the den
of the bear and cried:

“Come out, Old Growler. Go at once to my palace.

Tell my children that you are sorry for what you have said.”

The bear crept out of his den.

He went to the wren’s palace.

He said that now he knew they were the children of the king.

German Folk Tale



How good it will taste for supper!”

Then the cat said: “Yes, it was very fine butter. I hope no one has eaten it.”

At once they set out, the mouse leading the way.

“Oh, here it is,” she cried.

But alas! when she peeped in, what did she find?

The jar was empty; the butter was gone.

“O you false friend, now I see it all,” squeaked the mouse.

“I know who has eaten it — your three dear sisters!

First Top-off, then Half-done —”

The cat cried, “Speak one word more, and I will eat you too.”

But the mouse could not stop.

“All-gone” was on her lips.



As she spoke the cat sprang at her.
But the mouse jumped into the
hollow tree.

The cat tried and tried to follow her.
But she could not; the hole was
too small.

Since that time no cat has ever made
a friend of a mouse, nor has a mouse
made a friend of a cat.

German Folk Tale

THE FOOLISH FLY

Once upon a time there lived a fly.
She had very gay wings.

When the sun shone upon them,
they sparkled.

The fly had a good home on the
wall of a room.

Honey was set out on the table
all the time, but the fly was not
happy.

One day the fly said to the wall,
"O wall, how long and wide you
are!"

But the wall said:

"If I am long and wide, I am
also very weak.

A little mouse can make a hole
in me."



Then the fly ran to the mouse.

“O mouse,” she said, “how great you are!

You can make a hole in the long, wide wall.”

Then the mouse said:

“Oh, no! I am but a feeble little thing.

The cat can kill and eat me.”

So the fly went quickly to the cat.

“O cat! O cat! How great you are!” she cried.

Then the cat answered, and said,

“Do you think me strong when a stick can beat me?”

So the fly flew away to the stick.

When she came to the stick she said,

“Surely, O stick, you are very great indeed, for you can beat a huge cat.”

But the stick said meekly:

“Do you not see how thin I am? I can be broken by any one.

Besides, the fire can always burn me.

The fire is far greater than I.”

“Is that so?” said the fly.

“Then I must make haste to see the fire.”

So the fly went to the fire and said,

“O fire, I am told that you are very strong and can burn the stick.”

“Oh, no! I am not very strong,” said the fire.

“Water can easily put me out.”

“Dear me!” cried the fly. “I must surely go to the water.

I shall tell her never to harm you again.”

“You are very kind,” said the fire.

Then the fly went a long, long way, until she came to the sea.

Now when she saw the great waves she was afraid.

She crept very slowly upon the sand and said:

“O sea, I am only a little fly.

I am afraid to speak with such a great king.”

“Oho!” said the sea, kindly, “I am pleased to meet you.”

“You are very great and deep,” said the fly.

“Will you be kind and not put out the poor fire?”

It is not a nice thing to do.”

“Oh,” said the water, “I am not so great as you think.”

“You are the greatest thing in all the world,” said the fly.

“My dear fly,” said the sea, “even the donkey is stronger than I.

At any time he can come and drink a part of me.”

“Yes,” said the fly, “he must be stronger.

I will go to the donkey.”

When the fly came to the donkey she said:

“O donkey, many times you have let me ride on your back.

Will you now kindly tell me this? Are you not the strongest of all things in the world?

The great water says that you are.”

The donkey swelled up with pride and said:

“It is very true, O fly!

I did not know that the water was so wise.”

Then the fly thought very hard indeed.

“The mouse is stronger than the wall.

The cat is stronger than the mouse.

The stick is stronger than the cat.
The fire is stronger than the stick.
The water is stronger than the fire.
The donkey is stronger than the
water.

But I can ride on the donkey's back.
So I must be stronger than the
donkey.

Then I must be the strongest thing
in the world.

I think I will take a ride on the
donkey now."

But just then the donkey gave
his long tail a switch.

It nearly killed the foolish little fly.
Her wings were broken, and she
fell into the dust.

Then the foolish fly looked down
the road.

She saw a man riding the donkey
and beating him.

“It is hard to find the strongest
thing in the world,” said the poor fly.

And she crawled back to her house
on the wall.

NORMAN DUNCAN (*Adapted*)



DOBBIN

Old Dobbin lives in Grandpa's barn
The whole long winter through,
But when the summer comes again
He has much work to do;
And so he gets up while it's dark,
And eats a little hay;
Before I am awake at all,
He's ready for the day.

He never says he'd like to rest,
I never saw him frown.
It's "Dobbin here," and "Dobbin there";
He trudges up and down.
A little boy, when summer comes,
May run, and shout, and play,
But Dobbin works from morn till night,
Each sunny, summer day.

ANONYMOUS

HOW SOME OF THE ANIMALS WERE
TAMED

Once upon a time all the animals were friends.

They lived at peace with one another.

They could go and come as they pleased.

The horse was free, and all day long he ran over the wide fields.

The sheep and the cows and the pigs lived a free life, just as the foxes and the robins do now.

Of course men did not like it.

They had to do all their own hard work.

They had no horses to drive.

They had no cows to give them milk.

There were no sheep to give them wool.

So the men planned a great feast.

Then they invited all the animals to come.

This pleased the animals very much.

Never before had they been invited to a party given by men.

They all sent word that they would come.

Now Bruin, the bear, was the first to start out for the party.

He had combed his long black hair. He had cleaned his paws. He had shined his black nails. He looked very fine indeed.

As Mr. Bear walked along, he thought of the good things he should have at the party.



At length he met little Mrs. Wren.

“Good morning, Mrs. Wren,” said the bear.

“Good morning,” said the wren.

“Where are you going so early?”

The bear said: “I am invited to the party given by the men. Are you not going?”

“A party given by men!” screamed

the wren. "You surely are not going?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the bear. "I think they are very kind to invite us."

"Do not go," said the wren, "for if you do, you will never come back.

They will kill you and take your fine coat of fur.

That is why they want you."

What the wren said filled the bear with fear.

He thanked the wren for what she had told him and turned back the way he had come.

As the little wren flew along from tree to tree, she sang her sweetest song.

Just then Reynard the fox came trotting along.

"Where are you going, dressed up



so fine?" asked Mrs. Wren. "Your yellow coat shines like gold."

This pleased the fox, and he said proudly:

"I am invited to the men's party. Are you not going?"

"To the men's party!" screamed the wren. "Do not go!"

All they want is your beautiful skin.

They will kill you and take it from you.

You will never come back to the free woods again.”

Now the fox knew that the wren was a wise little bird.

He thanked her for what she had said and went back to his den in the woods.

As the wren was picking up a fat little worm, she met old Gray Coat, the wolf.

“Good morning, Mr. Wolf,” she said politely.

“Good morning,” growled the wolf in his softest tones.

“You seem to be dressed very fine this morning,” said the wren. “Your coat shines like silver.



Can it be that you too are going to the men's party?"

"I have been invited," said the wolf, proudly.

But the little wren cried:

"O Mr. Wolf, do not go unless you wish to be killed.

The men will take your warm, gray coat to cover their own bare backs.

Hear what I say. If you enter the homes of men you will never come out again.”

The wolf was afraid.

He stopped to thank the wren. Then he ran with all speed back to his den.

The next animal to meet the wren was Mr. Horse.

He trotted swiftly over the smooth grass.

He held his head high, and his long mane and tail floated in the wind.

Before the wren could call to him, Mr. Horse had passed swiftly by.

“Come back! come back!” screamed the wren.

So the horse turned and came trotting back.

“Did you call me, little wren?”
he said.

“Yes, I did,” said the wren. “The
animals all seem to be mad this
morning.

Were you too going to the men’s
party?”

“Yes,” said the horse, proudly.

“Do not go! do not go!” screamed
he wren.

“They will catch you and bind
you fast.

They will tie you and ride upon
your back.

They will make you do all their
hard work.”

“Oho!” laughed the horse. “You
are only a little bird. You do not
know how strong I am.

I am not afraid of men. They cannot harm me.”

“Do not go! do not go!” screamed the wren.

But the horse trotted off to the party.

It all happened just as the little wren had said.

No sooner had the horse come to the homes of men than whiz! a rope fell over his beautiful head.

Quick as a wink the men pulled the horse to the ground.

He bit and he kicked.

But the men held him fast.

How sorry the poor horse was that he had not listened to Mrs. Wren!

Since that time the horse has never been free.



Men have always been his masters.

The next animal the little wren met was a beautiful white cow.

She walked proudly along with a wreath of flowers on her horns.

“Good morning,” said the wren.
“You are dressed very fine this morning.”

“Do you think so?” replied the cow.

“I wish to look my best. I am going to the men’s party.”

The wren screamed: “You are going to the men’s party!

Can’t you see why they have invited you?

They will tie you in their barns.

They wish to drink your sweet milk.”


“Oho!” laughed the cow. “You do not know how strong I am.

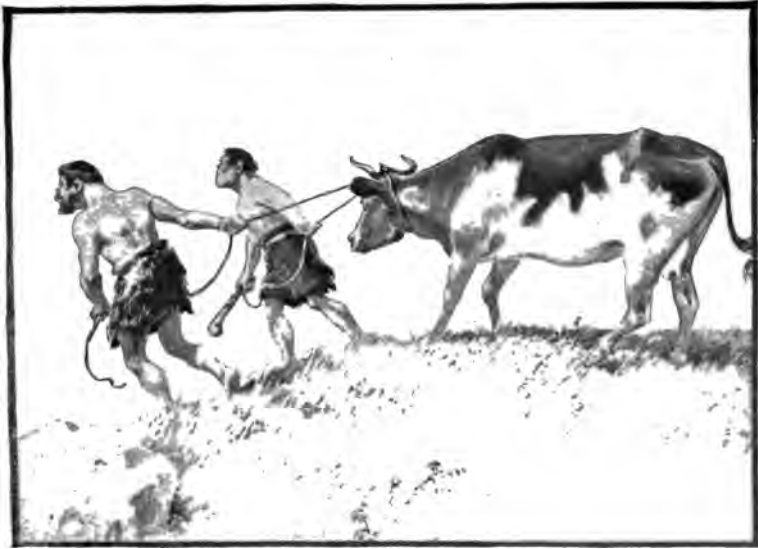
Can’t you see my sharp horns? I am not afraid of these two-legged men.”

And off she started for the party.

“Come back, come back!” screamed the wren. ↓

But the cow walked straight on.

It all turned out just as the little  wren had said.



No sooner had the beautiful cow come to the homes of the men than whiz! a great rope fell over her sharp horns.

Quick as a wink the men pulled her to the ground.

The cow tried to hook them with her sharp horns, but in spite of all she could do, they led her to the barn.

Since that time Mrs. Cow has not been free.

She is now the servant of men and gives them her sweet milk.

Many times the cow has said, "How I wish I had done just as the little wren told me!"

The next animal to meet the little wren was the sheep.

Her wool was nicely combed and looked as white as snow.

The little wren spoke to her kindly and said:

"Good morning, Mrs. Sheep. I hope you are not going to the men's party."

"Yes, indeed I am," said the sheep, proudly.

"They have invited me.



They said there would be plenty for me to eat.”

“Oh, don’t go, don’t go!” screamed the little wren. “If you do, you will never be free again.

They will catch you and lock you up in their barns.

They will cut off all of your beautiful wool.”

“Oho!” laughed the sheep. “What do you know about it?”

You may stay if you wish and feed your little ones, but I am going to the party.”

It all turned out just as the little wren had said.

Poor Mrs. Sheep was locked up in a barn.

Ever since that time her long, soft wool has been used to make clothes for men.

After the sheep, came the pigs and the ducks and the hens and the geese and the turkeys.

They were all invited to the men’s party, and they were all warned by the little wren.

They all said: “Oho, Mrs. Wren!

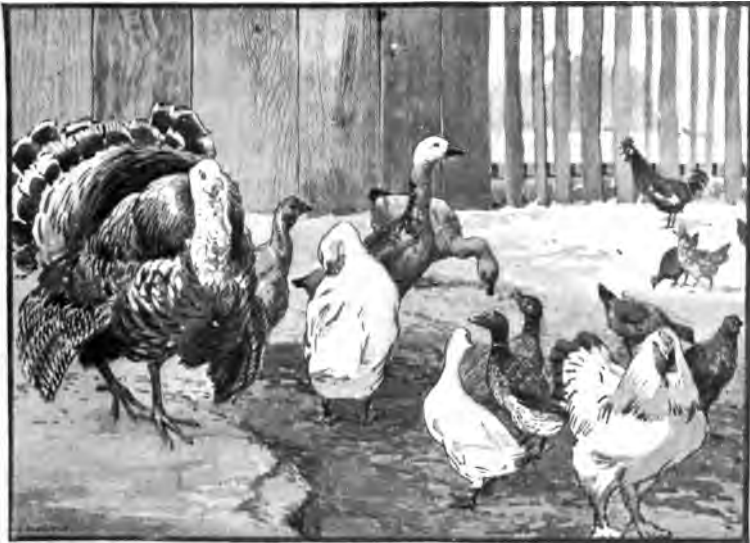
You do not like it because you have not been invited to the party, too.”

But not one of the animals who went to the party ever came back.

Never again did they enjoy the wild life of the woods and fields.

Just because they would not listen to the words of Jenny Wren, they lost their freedom.

German Folk Tale



RAIN

If every day the sun should shine
And clouds forget to rain,
I could n't wear my rubber boots
Or sail my boats again.
I could n't raise my parasol
And play it is a tent,
With bullets pattering overhead
By red-coat armies sent.
I could n't watch the little pools,
With ripples jumping high.
I could n't see the pussy cats,
All wet and sad, go by.
I don't see why a little child
Should cry at rain, do you?
With mud and puddles everywhere,
And, oh, so much to do!

ANONYMOUS



THE ELEPHANT AND THE WREN — I

Once upon a time there lived a bad, wicked old elephant named Long Ears.

He was so wicked that he wished to kill every living thing.

None of the other elephants could live with him.

Even the lion, the king of beasts,

was careful to keep out of his way.

No animal was too big or too strong for him to fight.

He thought it fun to kill even the little animals when he could catch them.

Once, when he was near a pool of water, he caught a little frog.

"O Mr. Elephant," cried the poor mother frog, "do not kill my baby.

I will do anything for you."

But Long Ears only said, "Keep out of my way, old Mud Splasher, or I will kill you too."

And he stepped on the poor little frog.

Then off he went, trampity-tramp, trompity-tromp, through the woods.

The next live thing that Long Ears saw was Mrs. Beetle Bug.

Mrs. Beetle Bug was crawling along.

A lot of tiny little beetle bugs were crawling after her.

"Oho!" cried old Long Ears. "Here is something else that I can kill."

But poor Mrs. Beetle Bug cried, "O Mr. Elephant, do not kill my dear children."

"Keep out of my way, old Buzz-Buzz," roared the elephant, "or I will kill you too."

And he stepped on all the tiny little beetle bugs.

Then off he went, trampity-tramp, trompity-tromp, through the woods.

The next live thing that the elephant saw was a bumblebee's nest, full of little bumblebees.

“Oho!” cried old Long Ears. “Here is something else that I can kill.”

“O dear Mr. Elephant,” cried Mrs. Bumblebee, “do not kill my dear children.

I will do anything in the world for you.”

“Keep out of my way, old Yellow Nose,” cried the elephant, “or I will smash you and your children.”

And he stepped on the bumblebee’s nest.

Then he went off, trampity-tramp, trompity-tromp, through the woods.

The next live thing the elephant saw was a nest of little wrens.

It was perched in the branches of a tall tree.

“Oho!” cried old Long Ears. “Here



is something else that I can kill.”

“O dear Mr. Elephant,” cried the mother wren, “do not kill my little Children.

I will do anything in the world for you.”

“Keep out of my way, Mrs. Bobtail, or I will kill you too,” cried the elephant.

He reached up with his long trunk and dashed the nest of little birds to the ground.

“You shall pay for this,” screamed the wren.

But the elephant only tried to catch her with his trunk.

The wren was too quick for him.

So off he went, trampity-tramp, trompity-tromp, through the woods.

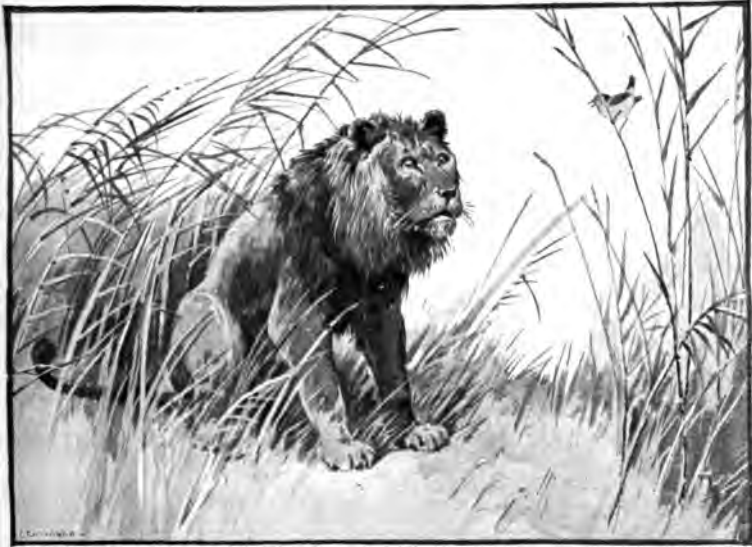
THE ELEPHANT AND THE WREN—II

The wren flew straight to the home of Mr. Lion, the king of all the beasts.

She told how old Long Ears had killed her dear children.

She asked the lion to help her.

But the lion would not.



“Oh, I see,” said the wren, “you are not really king of the beasts. You are afraid of old Long Ears.”

“No! I am not,” roared the lion.

But he turned and ran away to his den.

Then the wren visited every animal in the woods, but none of them would help her.

They were all afraid of the great elephant.

Next the wren flew to the birds of the air and asked them to help her.

But they would not.

They were all afraid of the great elephant, too.

The sad little wren was flying back to the tree where her nest had been.

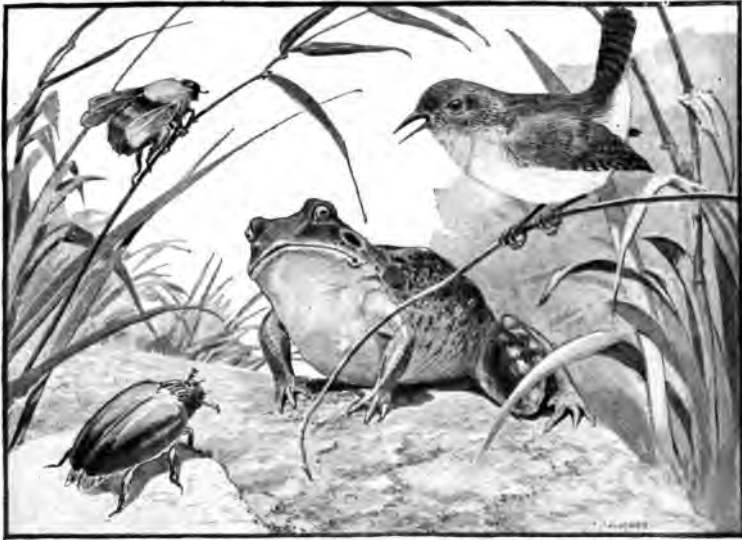
Then the old mother frog jumped out of the pool and croaked,

“I will help you fight old Long Ears.”

“Good!” cried the wren. “You and I make two.”

And they went along together.

Soon they met Mrs. Beetle Bug, who cried:



“I am not afraid.

I will help you fight old Long Ears.”

“Good!” cried the wren. “You and I and the frog make three.”

Then they all went along together.

Soon they met Mrs. Bumblebee, who cried:

“I am not afraid.

I will help you fight old Long Ears.”

“Good!” cried Mrs. Wren. “That makes four.

And now, with you to help, we will kill this wicked old elephant.”

Then the wren told her friends just what they were to do.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE WREN — III

The next morning old Long Ears went by.

He was looking for something else to kill.

Mrs. Beetle Bug was ready.

Quick as a wink she flew into the elephant’s ear.

Then she began to buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz.

At first old Long Ears tried to reach her with his trunk.



Then Mrs. Beetle Bug crept farther and farther into his ear.

She began to buzz and buzz more loudly than before.

The sound made the great elephant wild.

He was almost crazy at the buzz, buzzing of Mrs. Beetle Bug.

He danced on his hind legs.

He shook his long trunk. He stood on his head. He tore up trees by the roots. He even rolled over and over.

But Mrs. Beetle Bug kept on buzzing.

Then Mrs. Bumblebee saw her chance.

She flew straight for the elephant's head.

She stung him on one of his eyes. Then she stung him on the other eye.

Old Long Ears screamed with pain.

Soon his eyes swelled up so that he could not see.

He went blundering and stumbling along, first this way and then that.

"Help! help!" he cried. "Will not some one lead me to the cool water?"

I want to bathe my eyes.”

Then the little wren flew up and said:

“This way! Follow me. I will lead you to the cool water.”

But she flew straight toward the edge of a steep mountain.

Old Long Ears began to be afraid.

“Where are you leading me?” he cried.

“Come on,” cried the wren, “the water is near.

Don’t you hear the frogs croaking?”

Mrs. Frog sat on the edge of the steep mountain.

She began to croak.

“Ker dunk! ker dunk! ker dunk!”

The elephant heard the frog and ran toward the sound.

“Yes, yes,” he cried, “where there is a frog, there is always water.”

Over the edge of the mountain he went.

Down, down, he fell, rolling over and over until he lay quite dead at the bottom.

This was the end of Long Ears, the wicked old elephant.

Hindu Folk Tale



KITTY IN THE BASKET

"Where is my little basket gone?"

Said Charlie boy one day.

"I guess some little boy or girl
Has taken it away.

"And kitty too, I can't find her.

O dear, what shall I do?

I wish I could my basket find,
And little kitty too.

"I'll go to mother's room and look;

Perhaps she may be there;

For kitty loves to take a nap
In mother's easy-chair.

"O mother! mother! come and look!

My kitty's gone to sleep,

She's lying in the basket here,
All cuddled in a heap."

RED COMB AND THE FOX—I

Once there was a little cottage near a greenwood.

In this cottage lived a little old woman.

She had three large pigs, a cow called Molly, a sheep called Polly, a hive of bees, and some chickens.

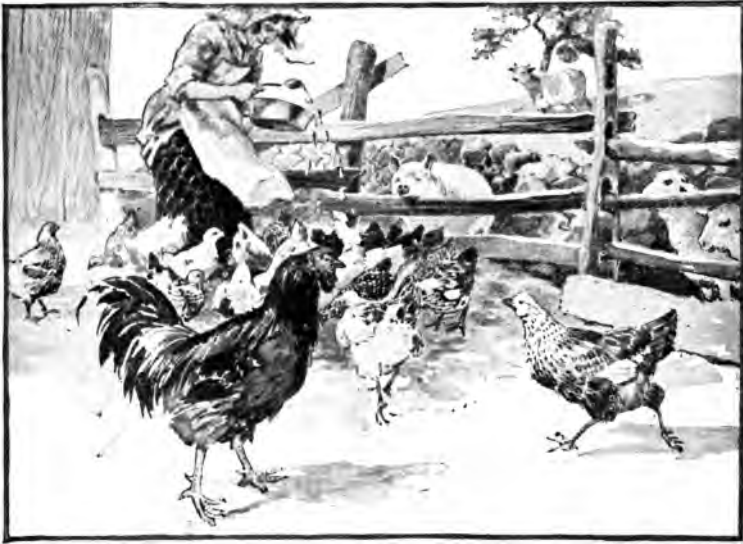
The little old woman was poor, but she had plenty to eat.

There was always nice rich milk, and brown bread, and honey.

Her chickens were the finest in the land.

Among them was a wonderful rooster, named Red Comb.

No other rooster could crow half so loud as he.



He knew the time better than the church clock.

His comb was redder than fire, and his bill was black and shiny as coal.

His legs and toes were yellow as butter, and his feathers shone like gold.

One night Red Comb had a dream.

He woke up his wife, Top Knot, to tell her about it.

"Oh, it was a very bad dream!" cried Red Comb.

"I was walking down the yard when I saw a queer animal.

It looked like a dog, only its tail was tipped with white and its eyes shone like fire.

Just as it flew at me I woke up."

"Oho!" laughed Top Knot. "Are you afraid of a dream?"

Have you a red comb and a faint heart?

Fie, fie on you! Bad dreams are nothing."

At these words Top Knot closed her eyes again and went sound asleep.

But Red Comb could not forget his dream.

RED COMB AND THE FOX — II

The next morning Red Comb strutted about as gay as ever.

When he found a big fat worm he called to his dear Top Knot,

“Come and see what I have for you.”

Then he led his little flock down to the cabbage patch.

Red Comb did not know that his dream was to come true.

Here among the cabbages lay sly Mr. Fox.

Proudly Red Comb led his little family along.

Yes, straight toward old Mr. Fox.

All at once Red Comb stood still.

What was that yellow thing lying among the cabbages?

Ah, his dream was true! He must fly at once.

But before he could stir, the sly old fox spoke to him, saying:

“Good morning, Sir Red Comb. Why do you fear me?

I was a great friend of your father’s.

I have heard your sweet voice many times.

You sing so well that I came here to listen to you.

Are you not willing to sing your beautiful song for me?”

Foolish Red Comb was pleased at the words of Mr. Fox. He began to flap his wings for joy.

Then, standing on his toes, he stretched out his neck, closed his eyes, and began to crow.



As soon as his eyes were shut, Mr. Fox gave a big jump. He took poor Red Comb by his long neck.

Then the sly old fox threw the rooster over his back and ran for the woods.

At once Top Knot and all the rest of the hens flew this way and that, cackling and screeching.

The old woman heard the noise and ran into the yard.

She caught sight of Mr. Fox and rushed after him, shouting and crying.

Then the dog began to bark and joined the chase.

The cow was frightened at the noise and rushed after the dog.

The pigs began to grunt and squeal.

The ducks quacked as if they were being killed.

The geese screamed and flew over the trees.

Even the bees came swarming out of their hive.

You would have thought that a lot of madmen had been let loose.

Now the rooster on the fox's back heard the noise and said to the fox:

“Why don’t you turn and ask these people to stop their noise?”

Tell them that no matter what they say, you mean to eat me up.”

The fox said, “That is just what I will do.”

But when he opened his mouth to speak, the rooster saw his chance.

Red Comb jerked his neck out of the fox’s mouth.

He flew straight into the top of the tallest tree he could find.

Then, turning to Mr. Fox, he said, “Never again will you catch me with my eyes shut.”

THE GOOD-NIGHT SHEEP

If you shut your two eyes and lie
ever so quiet,

Counting them soft and slow,
One little, two little, three little sheep,
As down through the field they go ;

Four little, five little, six little, seven,—
Trotting so gray and small,—
All in a row, one after another,
Jumping across the wall ;

Some of them faster, but most of
them slower,

Eight little, nine little, ten ;
Ten little sheep—and you have to
stop counting—

I think that you go to sleep then.

PHONETIC TABLES

Directions to Teachers. Teachers of second-year pupils should appreciate the fact that children during their long summer vacation forget many phonetic principles with which only a few months before they were perfectly familiar. Therefore it is absolutely essential to review the phonetic tables which have been taught the child during his first year of school. Accordingly, the first of the following tables deal largely with a review of first-year facts, but they contain in addition phonetic work based upon a somewhat broader viewpoint, so that the phonetic growth of the child need not be stopped at any point. All through the second grade these tables, with those found in the "Beacon Second Reader," should be frequently presented to the child so that his mind may be kept keen and alive to the more difficult phonetic combinations.

In order that the second-grade teacher may know what may reasonably be expected, the following summary is given of the phonetic facts with which every first-grade child should be familiar. 1. The sounds of all the consonants, including *qu*, the *z* sound of *s*, and the soft sounds of *c* and *g*. 2. The consonant digraphs: *sh, ck, ch, tch, nk, ng, th, and wh*. 3. The short sounds of the vowels and their blend with consonant digraphs. 4. The long sounds of the vowels as formed by final *e* and by vowel digraphs: *made, bite, etc.; may, boat, meet, etc.* 5. The vowels when affected by *r*: *car, fir, urn, fern, corn, etc.* 6. The sound of *a* in *all*, with its equivalents *au* and *aw*: *ball, haul, crawl, etc.* 7. The diphthongs *oi, oy, ou, ow*: *oil, boy, out, cow, etc.* 8. Double

o in *room*, and its equivalents *ue* in *blue*, *ew* in *flew*, and *u* in *rude*. 9. Two-syllable words where each syllable is perfectly phonetic, as in *letter*, *matted*, etc., and where the second syllable has an obscure vowel sound, as in *bitten*, *tickle*, *cotton*, etc. 10. Words in which final *ed* has the sound of *d* or *t* or makes a separate syllable: *called*, *tossed*, *float-ed*, etc. 11. Groups of unphonetic common words which may be taught by analogy: *took*, *book*; *bind*, *mind*; *told*, *cold*; *bread*, *dead*, etc. 12. Silent letters, as in *climb*, *knot*, *high*, *right*, *listen*, etc.

| | | | | |
|-----|-----|------|-----|------|
| bag | get | mess | rot | fox |
| beg | got | muss | sip | box |
| big | hat | miss | sop | tax |
| bog | hit | nip | sup | lax |
| bug | hot | nap | sap | wax |
| cop | hut | not | sad | has |
| cup | jig | nut | sod | his |
| cap | jug | pan | sun | yet |
| dig | jag | pen | van | yes |
| dug | jog | pin | vat | yell |
| fun | leg | pun | fix | vex |
| fan | lag | rub | mix | vim |
| fin | lug | rib | six | win |

| | | | | |
|-------|------|-------|-------|-------|
| back | fist | milk | fetch | clash |
| neck | best | bulk | witch | clip |
| pick | must | elk | bench | clod |
| lock | land | gift | pinch | club |
| duck | fond | left | lunch | black |
| dash | lend | melt | that | bless |
| fish | went | wilt | this | bliss |
| rush | hint | shelf | thus | block |
| shad | hunt | must | then | plant |
| shed | bank | mist | them | plod |
| shod | wink | chat | than | plum |
| shin | sunk | check | thin | flash |
| shun | sang | chip | think | flesh |
| stab | sing | chop | thank | flush |
| step | sung | chug | thick | fling |
| stop | lamp | rich | when | flock |
| stung | limp | much | whip | glad |
| still | romp | catch | whisk | glen |
| stuff | bump | notch | whack | glib |

| | | | | |
|-------|-------|-------|--------|---------|
| glum | swell | tress | brush | snob |
| slack | swill | trust | fresh | twig |
| sled | swing | drag | frock | 't will |
| sling | swung | dress | frisk | twist |
| slot | crab | drink | strip | quit |
| slush | crib | drop | strap | quiz |
| scamp | crust | drum | strung | quill |
| scum | grab | print | skip | quick |
| span | gruff | press | smash | quack |
| spend | grim | prop | smell | which |
| spin | trap | prank | snap | stitch |
| spun | trip | brag | snip | sketch |
| spot | trot | bring | snuff | stretch |

In the following table the vowels are made long by final *e*.

| | | | | |
|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| these | blade | plate | glide | slate |
| those | blaze | flake | glaze | slide |
| while | blame | flame | glade | slope |
| whale | plane | globe | slave | slime |

| | | | | |
|-------|-------|-------|--------|-------|
| scale | craze | trade | brave | smile |
| scope | crime | wove | bribe | smoke |
| spoke | crone | drive | broke | snake |
| spike | grade | drape | froze | twine |
| spade | grate | drove | frame | white |
| spine | grape | prize | strife | mute |
| spite | gripe | pride | strike | lute |
| swine | gripe | prose | stroke | cute |
| crane | grime | prone | yoke | tube |
| crate | tribe | brake | woke | cube |

The following table is made up of vowels or vowel digraphs with long sounds.

| | | | | |
|------|-------|-------|--------|--------|
| fray | sway | plait | grain | greet |
| gray | tray | staid | twain | sheet |
| pray | spray | braid | swain | street |
| play | stray | plain | slain | fleet |
| clay | bait | train | stain | sweet |
| stay | trait | drain | sprain | creed |



| | | | | |
|--------|--------|--------|-------|-------|
| greed | freeze | please | tried | cry |
| freed | breeze | teach | lied | why |
| breed | sneeze | beach | fried | |
| speed | wheeze | reach | pie | oat |
| bleed | clean | plead | dried | coat |
| tweed | glean | cheap | pried | goat |
| steed | spear | leap | by | boat |
| steep | shear | sheaf | fly | float |
| sleep | year | leaves | sly | moat |
| sweep | gleam | | dry | gloat |
| creep | dream | lie | sky | moan |
| green | cream | hie | sty | loan |
| sheen | stream | spied | fry | groan |
| preen | scream | tie | try | load |
| screen | cheat | died | spry | goad |
| spleen | treat | cried | my | road |
| sheer | bleat | fie | spy | toad |
| sneer | wheat | tied | pry | oar |
| queer | tease | die | shy | boar |

| | | | | |
|--------|--------|-------|------|-------|
| soar | toast | throe | slow | stew |
| roar | coast | toe | grow | hew |
| hoard | boast | roe | flow | mews |
| board | coarse | woe | blow | stews |
| soak | hoarse | floe | show | dew |
| soap | coal | low | snow | sue |
| loaves | doe | bow | | due |
| foam | Joe | tow | new | hue |
| loam | foe | mow | news | cue |
| roam | hoed | sow | few | sues |
| roast | hoe | crow | pew | hues |

REVIEW

| | | | | |
|-------|-------|---------|-------|--------|
| greet | cheat | teach | sly | Joe |
| coat | boast | sleep | woe | stream |
| hoed | crate | globe | stew | goat |
| hue | sway | while | plain | float |
| sheaf | drain | sneeze | stay | fried |
| dried | roast | breathe | froze | pew |

| | | | | |
|--------|--------|--------|--------|-------|
| slide | scream | wheeze | tried | cue |
| spade | few | tweed | try | doe |
| due | board | cheap | cream | sweep |
| plead | pry | dream | loam | lied |
| sky | beach | died | wheat | flame |
| cried | flake | spy | hide | foam |
| toe | steed | trade | shy | dew |
| slime | toad | foe | spite | bribe |
| groan | pie | sue | coast | coal |
| freeze | road | smoke | breeze | leap |
| grope | sheet | hue | fie | freed |
| street | loan | gleam | treat | moan |
| lie | fly | boar | hie | play |

The following table contains vowels modified by *r*.

| | | | | |
|------|-------|-------|--------|------|
| corn | thorn | cork | scorch | car |
| horn | scorn | north | torch | far |
| born | fork | form | horse | scar |
| morn | stork | storm | bar | star |

| | | | | |
|-------|--------|--------|-------|--------|
| spar | card | fern | twirl | turn |
| char | yard | jerk | swirl | spurn |
| tart | lard | clerk | birch | churn |
| chart | barb | perch | girth | furl |
| start | garb | nerve | birth | curl |
| smart | yarn | serve | mirth | hurl |
| cart | barn | swerve | girt | purl |
| harp | darn | fir | gird | surf |
| sharp | harm | sir | chirp | scurf |
| lark | farm | dirt | third | turf |
| hark | charm | bird | fur | spurt |
| bark | arch | stir | cur | hurt |
| dark | parch | skirt | slur | curd |
| park | march | shirt | blur | nurse |
| mark | starch | flirt | spur | curse |
| stark | her | first | purr | purse |
| spark | herd | firm | bur | church |
| shark | pert | girl | urn | blurt |
| hard | serf | whirl | burn | cturve |

This table contains the diphthongs and the remainder of the vowel digraphs most commonly found in the English language.

| | | | | |
|--------|--------|--------|-------|-------|
| out | south | house | scow | toot |
| rout | pouch | douse | clown | hoot |
| gout | couch | louse | gown | boot |
| pout | vouch | mouse | down | coot |
| lout | crouch | grouse | town | root |
| stout | our | fount | brown | shoot |
| shout | sour | count | crown | coop |
| spout | flour | mount | drown | hoop |
| snout | scour | cow | frown | loop |
| trout | hound | vow | coo | stoop |
| scout | pound | row | boo | sloop |
| sprout | found | now | too | scoop |
| loud | round | bow | moo | swoop |
| proud | sound | how | woof | room |
| cloud | wound | mow | roof | boom |
| shroud | mound | brow | hoof | loom |
| mouth | ground | prqw | proof | doom |

| | | | | |
|-------|-------|-------|--------|-------|
| broom | food | all | raw | boy |
| gloom | brood | call | paw | coy |
| groom | blew | ball | claw | toy |
| bloom | slew | fall | saw | joy |
| goose | grew | gall | straw | cloy |
| loose | brew | hall | squaw | oil |
| noose | drew | pall | crawl | boil |
| moose | strew | tall | drawl | coil |
| roost | screw | wall | shawl | foil |
| boost | threw | small | fawn | toil |
| noon | flew | stall | dawn | soil |
| soon | chew | bald | pawn | broil |
| boon | crew | scald | yawn | spoil |
| loon | rue | halt | lawn | coin |
| moon | blue | malt | maul | join |
| swoon | glue | salt | haul | loin |
| spoon | flue | caw | cause | groin |
| rood | true | jaw | pause | joint |
| mood | clue | law | clause | point |

| | | | | |
|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| foist | mask | lass | hasp | slant |
| hoist | cast | mass | gasp | chant |
| joist | fast | pass | rasp | grant |
| moist | last | draft | clasp | lath |
| | past | waft | grasp | bath |
| ask | mast | raft | staff | path |
| cask | blast | craft | quaff | glass |
| bask | class | shaft | chaff | grass |
| task | brass | asp | pant | pass |

REVIEW

| | | | | |
|-------|--------|-------|--------|--------|
| fork | sow | scout | rood | church |
| pouch | ground | farm | flue | wound |
| stew | brass | first | slant | yarn |
| roost | broom | shawl | swerve | serf |
| small | purr | root | scald | joint |
| bird | card | storm | groin | true |
| gasp | coy | smart | mouth | churn |
| surf | paw | scour | starch | sound |

This table contains common words which do not follow phonetic rules.

| | | | | |
|-------|-------|--------|-------|-------|
| mild | bold | spread | ton | look |
| wild | cold | stead | monk | nook |
| child | fold | dread | month | took |
| bind | gold | tread | come | rook |
| find | hold | bread | some | brook |
| mind | sold | lead | love | shook |
| kind | told | death | dove | crook |
| wind | mold | breath | glove | foot |
| rind | scold | have | shove | hood |
| blind | dead | give | book | good |
| grind | head | live | cook | wood |
| old | read | son | hook | stood |

Before *e*, *i*, or *y* the consonant *c* has the sound of *s* and the consonant *g* usually has the sound of *j*. In words of Teutonic origin *g* before *e* and *i* is often hard.

| | | | | |
|------|------|------|-------|-------|
| acc | lace | face | pace | brace |
| dace | race | mace | place | trace |

| | | | | |
|--------|--------|---------|--------|--------|
| grace | pence | cite | edge | smudge |
| space | prince | age | ledge | change |
| ice | since | cage | sledge | tinge |
| lice | mince | page | pledge | singe |
| dice | quince | gage | wedge | hinge |
| nice | dunce | rage | ridge | cringe |
| rice | peace | wage | bridge | fringe |
| mice | cease | stage | badge | lunge |
| slice | fleece | barge | Madge | plunge |
| spice | piece | large | lodge | sponge |
| splice | truce | charge | dodge | huge |
| trice | spruce | merge | fudge | hedge |
| twice | voice | verge | budge | midge |
| dance | choice | urge | nudge | gin |
| chance | farce | surge | judge | gill |
| glance | thence | splurge | trudge | gist |
| prance | whence | dirge | drudge | gibe |
| hence | cell | gorge | grudge | germ |
| fence | cent | bulge | dredge | gyres |

Initial *k* or *g* before *n*, and initial *w* before *r*, are silent. *Gh* and sometimes *b* and *t* are also silent.

| | | | | |
|-------|---------|--------|---------|---------|
| knit | wry | wrench | slight | comb |
| knot | wren | wrists | knight | crumb |
| knee | wrap | wrecks | flight | dumb |
| kneel | wrist | high | bright | lamb |
| knew | write | nigh | right | limb |
| knell | wrote | sigh | ought | thumb |
| knock | wrest | thigh | bought | doubt |
| know | wring | sight | fought | debt |
| knave | wrong | light | sought | often |
| knack | wrung | fight | brought | castle |
| known | wrath | night | wrought | soften |
| knife | wreck | wright | aught | rustle |
| gnat | wreak | tight | caught | thistle |
| gnaw | writhe | fright | naught | whistle |
| gnash | wreath | might | taught | fasten |
| gnome | wreathe | plight | fraught | listen |
| gnarl | wretch | blight | climb | jostle |

In the following table *ed* has the sound of *t*.

| | | | | |
|---------|---------|---------|--------|----------|
| boxed | winked | crossed | milked | patched |
| fixed | stepped | fussed | bumped | hushed |
| mixed | clapped | blessed | fished | rocked |
| stuffed | slipped | dressed | tacked | matched |
| scuffed | skipped | danced | backed | rushed |
| kicked | kissed | jumped | wished | pecked |
| picked | missed | camped | packed | punished |

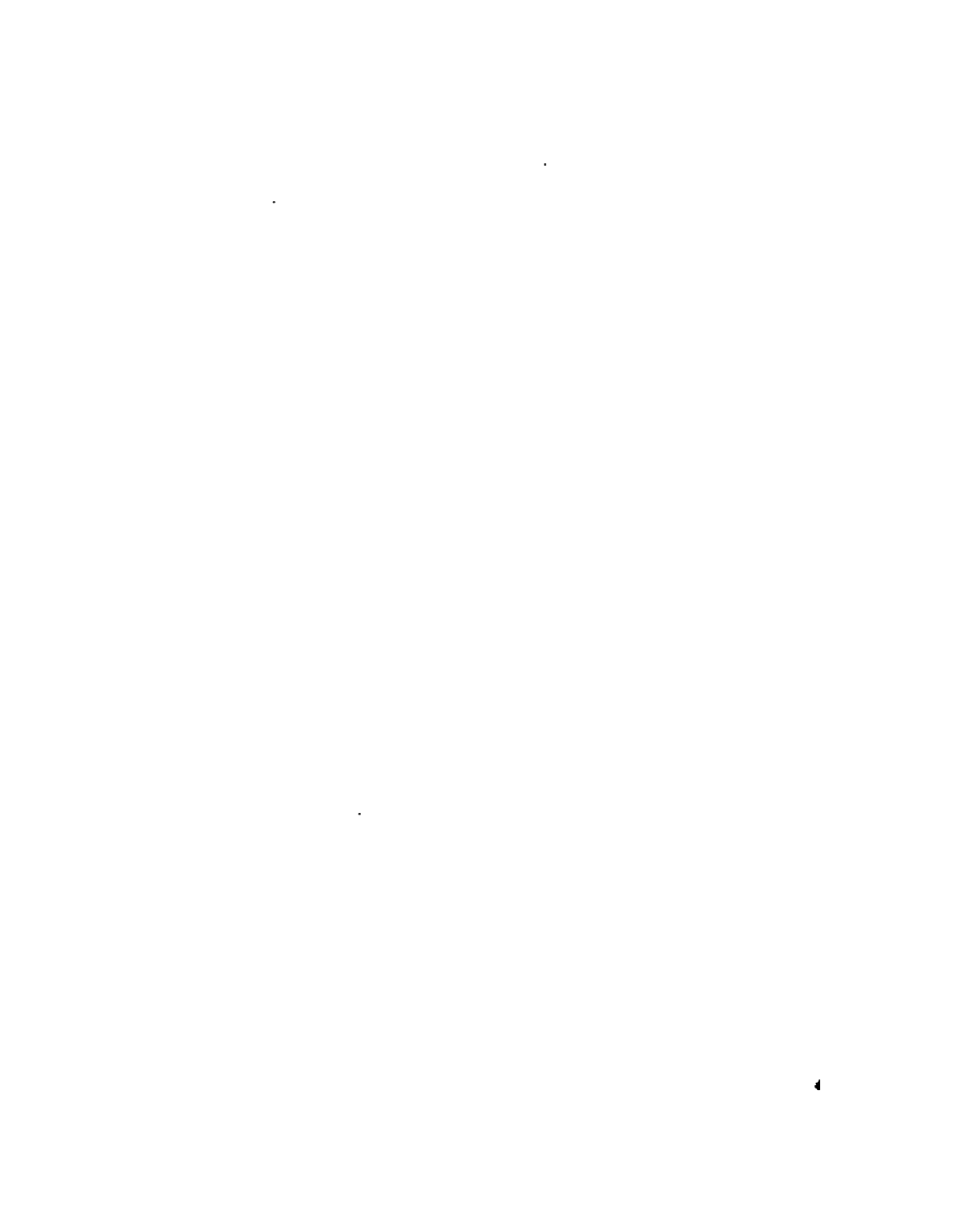
Review of vowel sounds. Work for rapidity.

| | | | | |
|------|------|------|-------|-------|
| all | kale | for | fowl | pit |
| ale | dale | fir | fail | pate |
| oil | deal | fur | jar | peat |
| owl | dull | fire | jeer | gear |
| call | dole | fore | heal | gore |
| coil | far | fin | haul | star |
| cool | fern | fun | howl | stair |
| cull | fare | fine | trill | stare |
| kill | fair | fool | trawl | steer |
| keel | fear | foil | pat | store |

| | | | | |
|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| skill | meat | seen | score | wane |
| skull | mete | sign | bun | wean |
| scowl | mote | soon | bone | wine |
| shell | moat | par | bane | gain |
| shoal | might | pair | born | gown |
| shawl | neat | pore | burn | yard |
| wile | note | pure | barn | yarn |
| wall | night | queer | dine | yoke |
| yell | rat | quire | down | year |
| yawl | rut | scar | dean | jest |
| yule | rate | sore | mine | joke |
| bite | rote | seer | mane | jail |
| boat | right | soar | main | jump |
| beat | site | spar | mean | joint |
| fect | cite | spear | moan | weak |
| fight | seat | spire | tine | width |
| feat | sight | spore | tone | seem |
| heat | wit | scar | tune | sum |
| hate | wait | scour | turn | some |

Two- and three-syllable words found in "Animal Folk Tales."

| | | | |
|-----------|------------|------------|------------|
| would n't | refuse | visited | blundering |
| elephant | princess | inside | wonderful |
| cottage | unless | behind | squirrel |
| trudges | indeed | before | single |
| cabbages | rooster | besides | noble |
| enjoy | scamper | between | eagle |
| foolish | fingers | below | until |
| turkeys | louder | yellow | parasol |
| hurries | winter | hollow | themselves |
| always | another | away | wisest |
| empty | together | around | politely |
| jolly | harnessed | afraid | happily |
| pantry | ordered | again | patiently |
| hungry | frightened | waddling | family |
| merry | married | screaming | quiet |
| story | pointed | screeching | funniest |
| feathery | wicked | cackling | lollipop |
| loudly | strutted | anything | without |



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or before the date last stamped below

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